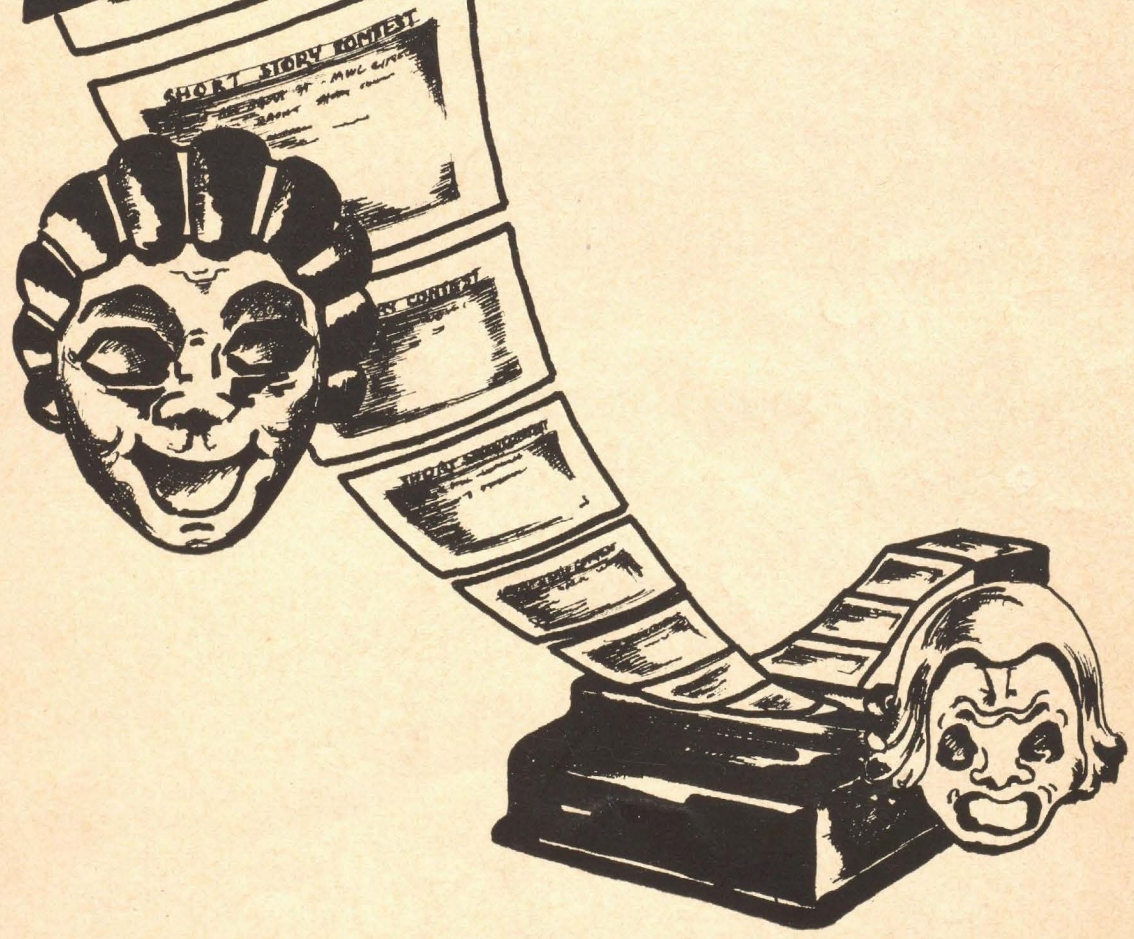


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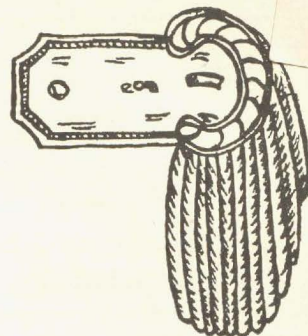
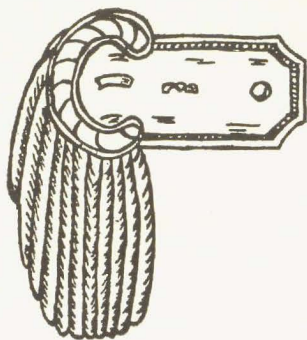
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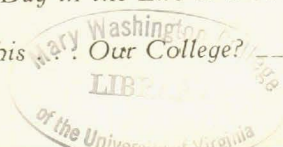
JANUARY, 1952

No. 2

*Not Words, but Thoughts and the Manner of
 Expressing Them Make Literature*

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They say that if you don't drink,
smoke, or run around with women,
you'll live longer. Actually, it only
seems longer.

—The Splinter

"I can't marry him, mother. He is
an atheist and doesn't believe that
there is a hell."

"Marry him, my dear, and be-
tween us we'll convince him that
there is."

—The Splinter

"Daughter, your hair is all mussed
up. Did that young man kiss you
against your will?"

"He thinks that he did, mother."

—The Splinter

Three men were sitting on a park
bench. The man in the middle was
sitting quietly, as though asleep, but
the men on either side of him were
going through the motions of fish-
ing. With great seriousness they
would cast, jerk their lines swiftly,
then wind imaginary reels.

This had been going on for some
time when a policeman wandered
over, shook the man in the middle
and demanded, "Are these two nuts
friends of yours?"

"Why yes, officer," said the man.

"Well get them out of here then,
and be quick about it."

The man agreed, saluted and be-
gan rowing vigorously.

—Old Line

The course of true love never runs
up a big light bill.

—Log

Beginner at fishing: "Oh, I've got
a bite. Now what do I do?"

Fisherman: "Reel in the line."

Beginner: "I've done that, the fish
is tight against the end of the pole.
Now what do I do?"

Fisherman (disgusted): "Climb up
on the rod and stab it."

"Conductor, which end of the car
do I get off?"

"Either one, madam, both ends
stop at the same time."

—Log

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CALLING A SPADE"

by EDWARD ALVEY, JR.

st fall the Nation was surprised shocked at the revelation of large scale cheating on exams by cadets at the United Military Academy. While there may have been some doubt as to the wisdom of using the same examination questions for successive classes of the same course, the fact remains that questions were revealed in advance to some of the prospective examinees without the knowledge of the instructors and that this information enabled these cadets to obtain high grades that might otherwise have been impossible.

The "West Point Scandal" was on the front page news in the press of this country for two or three weeks. Comments by government officials, military officers, United States senators, congressional representatives, college administrators, athletic directors, and others were unanimous in deploring the affair. But they differed in their attitudes toward the seriousness of the offense. The Honor Council, which incidentally deserves real credit for its competence in handling the affair, had decided that the ninety cadets were guilty of "cheating" on the examination. As in the case of similar honor violations existing in other collegiate institutions, cheating on examinations is regarded as a serious and thoroughly reprehensible violation of the honor system. It is almost invariably punished by swift and permanent expulsion.

Those who were inclined to regard the incident lightly referred to the offense as "cribbing" rather than "cheating." By implication, "cribbing" on an examination seemed hardly a crime that justified such drastic punishment. The facts in the case remained the same. However, the use of the less offensive word "cribbing" seemed to mitigate the seriousness of the matter.

The verb "crib" has an interesting history. The Oxford English Dictionary reports the word in use in the sense of "to take or copy (a passage, a piece of translation, etc.) without acknowledgement and to use as one's own" as early as 1844 when a student was "flogged for cribbing another boy's verses."

A much older use of the word, also colloquial, is in the sense of "to pilfer, purloin, steal; to appropriate furtively (a small part of anything)." According to the OED, the verb "crib" probably originated as thieves' slang, connected with a now obsolete meaning of the noun "crib" to denote a wickerwork basket, pannier, or the like. ("With canvas crib To girdle tied . . . Where worms are put, which small fish Betray at night to dish—1648.")

The use of euphemisms is characteristic of our language. The origin of many of them is obscure. The word "fib," for instance, in the sense of a venial or trivial falsehood (probably shortened from "fible-

fable," related to "fable") occurs in Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer* (1773) in the expression, "Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs." The OED reports the use of the verb "fibs" as early as 1690 in Dryden's *Amphitryon*: "I do not say he lyes neither: no, I am too well bred for that; but his Lordship fibbs most abominably."

The use of "swipe" as a substitute for "steal" is also common. In fact, there are literally dozens of euphemisms for "steal," among the most common being "cabbage," "hook," "cop," "mooch," "palm," "chisel," "lift," and, rather grandly, "appropriate." ("Someone has appropriated my sweater.") "Borrow" is often used also as an inoffensive substitute.

Granted that the element of pettiness frequently enters into the use of "fib" for "lie," "swipe" for "steal," or "crib" for "cheat," the question of principle still obtains. The use of a less obnoxious synonym or euphemism indicates an attitude toward dishonest practices that appear to be growing more prevalent.

In the field of moral actions the thoughtless use of euphemisms may prove pernicious. A boy who has "swiped" a fountain pen has really stolen it. It is when the cold light of publicity is turned on that the true nature of the act stands clearly revealed. Then the tricks our language has played on us become apparent.

BEHIND THE DESK..

by BOBBIE CAVERLEE and ELEANOR MOUNT

Many of the students of MWC have heard that the school has some very illustrious professors, but few realize how well qualified our teachers are and how much they have really done. The following interviews of three of these professors are designed to let the girls at MWC in on the "inside dope." After you have read these articles, maybe some of us will be inspired to settle down and hope to someday make these professors as proud of us as we are of them.

Our first Prof:

A native of East Tennessee, Dr. Oscar Darter attended Carson Newman, a Baptist College. Next, he went on to the University of Oklahoma where he received his A.B., Later he got his M.A. at Columbia and his Ed.O. at George Washington University. He was twice a Carnegie fellow, and he received a fellowship to the Institute of International Law, which was held in Washington, D. C. and at Michigan University.

In 1932, he went abroad with a traveling seminar from Columbia. While there, he studied in England, Germany, Russia, Switzerland, Italy, France and others. He says that "the greatest point in his education was the European Seminar."

Among his many honors: he is a charter member of the Social Science Fraternity, Pi Gamma Mu, a member of Alpha Psi Sigma, and Phi Beta Delta. He has also been recognized in *Who's Who in the South*.

Another accomplishment of this illustrious professor is his *History of Fredericksburg* which has been published. At the present time he is completing a history of the Baptist Church.

In his community life, Dr. Darter has been president of Rotary, County Superintendent of Schools, Superintendent of City Schools, and is a member of the Masonic Lodge. He has been a college professor for

30 years and has taught at Oklahoma University (State Teachers' College). His career at MWC has extended over a period of 27 years.

Dr. Darter is in step with his times. Besides his other honors, he is a member of the National Atomic Commission and is a member of the Oak Ridge Panel to discuss the significance of the Atom Bomb in Virginia.

Our next professor fits the expression:

"Great profs from little coon hunters grow." This was the case with Dr. J. H. Dodd who was born in Mississippi and loved to go coon hunting as a boy. When he was older, he started a tour of colleges, and as he said, "I went to a lot of places, but I passed all my courses." Among this illustrious list of schools is Berhert Academy, Bowling Green, Kentucky, Western Kentucky, Peabody College, Vanderbilt and Northwestern.

After getting his education, he taught at several colleges. He spent two years at Ward Belmont, taught at Franklin College in Franklin, Indiana, and he even taught in a one room public school in Mississippi. "That's when I swore off teaching."

But since this statement, he has been at MWC for 23 years and has taught at the University of Tennessee and the University of Virginia during the summer months. He has also lectured for the American Telephone Company in Washington, D. C.

But, Dr. Dodd's talents do not end with teaching. He is also known for his writings—articles, co-author of *First Principles of Business*, author of *Applied Economics*, co-author of *Economics; Principles and Applications* and author of workbooks, manuals and tests which accompany these books. At the present time he is revising a test in Economics in his *Principles and Applications* course.

Another full-time job is his Chan-

cellorship of the Atlantic Region Phi Gamma Mu, and until last year he was governor of this region which embraces several of the Mid-Atlantic States.

In his free time, he is busy at his favorite hobby of gardening. From writing to gardening, with his regular job of teaching, makes Dr. J. Dodd a well rounded individual.

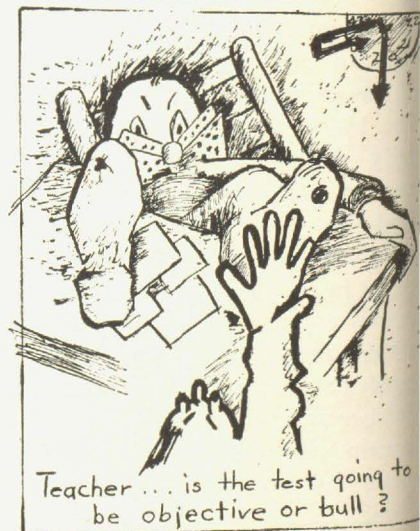
Don't think the men control the limelight of fame! The women have a few things to their credit too.

Dr. Laura B. Voelkel was born in a small, out-of-the-way, unknown place called Brooklyn where she attended High School. From there she went to Vassar College and Johns Hopkins where she received her M.A. and Ph.D. On her first trip south she taught at Wesleyan College.

In 1947 and 1948, she studied with the American School of Classical Study in Italy and Greece. While there, her means of transportation was a jeep, and she says that she felt as though she were "connected with mountain goats the way they climbed around."

In 1950 she started traveling again. This time, she drove across the United States and saw her own country from all its glory. Through her travels

(Continued on Page 12)



THE EPAUL

SHORT STORY CONTEST

BOARD OF JUDGES

Dr. Alice S. Brandenburg

Dr. George E. Shankle

Dr. Reginald Whidden

ON THE COVER

The cover, done by E. E. Dickson,
portrays the emotions of writing.

CONTEST WINNERS

Jo Sidney Riddle, "Joan;" Suzanne Rosen, "Rain;"

Virginia Lee, "The Lesson That Boomeranged."

PRIZE

Joan

by JO SIDNEY RIDDLE

This quiet, dark girl was her laughing Joan. How could she have changed this way in so little time? Fran had dropped out of college eight months before to get married and this weekend had been her first chance to return to school to see all of her friends. Joan was the only one who had changed to any great extent. Never one for writing letters, Fran had lost touch with most of them and consequently had no hint of the shock in store for her.

When Fran left in February, Joan had been engaged to Carl and was gay and talkative about definite plans for the future. Granted that she and Carl had had many clashes and misunderstandings, but all their difficulties had been ironed out, or so Fran had thought.

Now it was October. What had happened in the time between? As the others in the dorm room talked at once, Fran watched Joan and tried to figure out just what the change was. Joan was still warm and friendly, but she was too quiet—an adjective that would never have been used for her before. She had always talked most of the time, so excitedly that her words tumbled out and fell over one another; when she wasn't talking, she was laughing. Always she had been happy.

Was it that she was now unhappy? Was that the difference? No, it was more than that. What was the word she wanted? Joan was sitting there with the rest of them, but her eyes were following something outside the

window. Fran had the feeling, however, that she saw nothing; it was as if her eyes saw only within herself. Just as she decided that, Fran looked over at her and knew that she was wrong. When their eyes met, Fran felt that Joan knew what she was thinking, even knew what she was feeling. Joan may be looking inside, but she was at the same time exploring other people by that very process. Out of the entire group of college seniors sitting there, this withdrawn and silent Joan was the only one who knew all the answers; she was the only one who had found herself. Yet, she didn't seem happy about it. Resigned was the word that flashed into Fran's mind, and she was sure that it was the right word. As soon as she thought it, she was appalled. Joan was too young to be resigned to anything; that was a word associated with people who had lived too long and had seen too much. But the word persisted.

How could she find out what had happened? What could she ask? Her only clue was the fact that Joan was no longer wearing her ring. Fran thought hard about the letters she had received from Joan that past summer, trying to recall anything that would be helpful. But a bride of six months pays only divided attention to letters from numerous college friends. Rapidly she sorted the scant information she had accumulated from various sources, trying to remember what facts concerned Joan.

Joan was the one who had gone

North in June to study somewhere. She had written the group of people she was studying with, people who had won ideals and a purpose in life. she remembered Joan's mentioning one person in particular, one . . . Mack? No . . . Mike! That was right; she had written about on several times, and his name was

As if Fran had spoken the word out loud, Joan turned around quickly and looked at her with a smile on her face. Then she got up and walked out of the room. Fran seized her opportunity and talked to Elizabeth, Joan's roommate. Elizabeth asked her the first of many questions.

"What has happened to you? Why isn't she going to marry Carl?"

Elizabeth answered hesitantly. "None of us know very well. She doesn't talk about it now, and I don't. Most of what I know is what she wrote me this summer. The rest is conjecture. Didn't she write to you?"

"Yes, but only a few details. I can't remember them all. She asked me to write me about Mike."

"Well then," Liz went on, "you know about Mike, you know more than I do, I guess."

By this time most of the other girls had left the room and the two of them were isolated sufficiently to avoid being overheard.

Fran looked at Elizabeth with a puzzled expression. "No I don't understand at all. Begin at the beginning and tell me all that you know."

With a sigh, Elizabeth started. "Fran, remember that period of doubt that Joan went through the first part of last year? That's what she later laughingly referred to as her Black Period?"

WINNER

Only too well. For a while I was
ied about her. She loved Carl
much and I thought he took
antage of that fact. He expected
much understanding on her part
no letters, no phone calls, dates
en at the last minute . . . It al-
turned out that he had good
ns, but it was hard to under-
l, nevertheless."

That was it, exactly, Fran. Carl
a person who could get along
e, and Joan wasn't. He never
ed to realize that. Or maybe it
simply that he was too busy to
er. Basically they were too diver-
I think, and I doubt that they
l ever have been happily mar-

ow it was Fran's turn to inter-
"But, Liz, they straightened out
difficulties . . ."

Yes, but HOW? Joan gave in;
did all the compromising. She
lly believed that she saw things
arl saw them. She was willing to
ordinate her opinions to his, to
up her ideals for his—but she
only fooling herself."

What made her realize that?"
Not what, Fran, but who . . .
hat was Mike. He was brilliant,
he was also patient and under-
ing. He respected her ideas and
her aware that she was a per-
n her own right. Most of all, he
kind."

Did she fall in love with him,

z shook her head. "Not right
. Her first reaction to him was
alize that she couldn't marry
Later I think she did fall in love
him, much against her will.
a minute, and I'll get one of the
s she wrote me then and I'll let

*("Bright Red Scarf," a story written by Jo Sidney Riddle, was published
in the winter issue 1951 of "Rectangle," the Sigma Tau Delta magazine.)*

you read it." She walked over to her
desk and came back with a well-worn
letter. Fran read it.

Dear Liz,

I don't know if this letter will
surprise you or not; possibly my
earlier letters have paved the way.
Surely you had some inkling of what
the situation now is. When I go
home, I'm going to break my engage-
ment to Carl. It's all because of Mike,
though none of it is his fault. I walk-
ed into this with my eyes open and
have only myself to blame. Cliched,
but true.

Liz, I don't know if I'm doing
the right thing by breaking the en-
gagement or not, but I don't know
what else to do. I don't even know
if I'm in love with Mike, and of
course, he isn't in love with me.
There can be no question of that,
as you know. In love with him or
not, having known him, I could
never marry Carl. I have thought
about this many sleepless nights, and
so it's no hasty decision. I haven't
yet decided what I shall do after-
wards. I can only be sure that I could
never be happy with Carl. He lives
only for himself, while Mike lives
for everyone. That's why I can't fully
understand, Liz . . . but I can never
question.

Fran handed back the letter. "Poor
Joan. Such a strange, defeated-sound-
ing letter. No wonder she has an air
of resignation, if that's the way she
still feels."

"Oh Fran, you should have seen
her when she first came back to school

this fall! If Mike hadn't sent her the
music box . . ."

"Then she did have something of
him."

"Yes. He sent her the music box
there by her bed. That is all that she
has of him. Nothing else, no letters,
just that."

Fran went over to look at the little
wooden box. It looked very old and
well-used. Its only decoration was its
scars from being handled by small,
inexperienced hands. She opened it
and heard the warm but sad notes
of Brahms' *Lullabye*.

Liz went on, "It was Mike's when
he was a child, and it had been his
mother's. It was supposed to be pass-
ed down through the girls in the
family, but Mike was an only child.
He wrote his mother for it and sent
it to Joan. She plays it every night
and somehow it helps her. At first I
thought it would only make things
worse, but because of some meaning
that it had for him it has helped her
make peace with herself."

"But Liz, I still don't see. Why
all the grimness in her letter? Why
does Joan feel that Mike could never
love her when she so obviously loves
him? He must care about her, or he
wouldn't have known to send her
the music box. He must have under-
stood her better than her friends
knew her. Why has she felt all
along that she could never have a
future with Mike?"

Liz looked at her oddly, and then
asked, "I thought you told me that
she had written you about Mike?"

"She did, Liz, several times."

"Didn't she tell you that he was
going to be a priest?"

"My wife ran off with the butler."

"What a shame."

"I'm satisfied. Furthermore, my house burned down and I haven't any insurance."

"Too bad."

"I'm satisfied; and to cap everything, business is so bad I'm going bankrupt. But in spite of everything I'm satisfied."

"How is that possible with all your misfortunes?"

"I smoke Chesterfields."

—Cornshucks

Girls when they went out to swim
Once dressed like Mother Hubbard;
Now they have a different whim,
And dress more like her cupboard.

—Yale Record

"Heard you were moving a piano,
so I came over to help."

"Thanks, but I've already got it
upstairs."

"Alone?"

"Nope, hitched the cat to it and
drug it up."

"You mean your cat hauled that
piano up two flights of stairs? How
could a cat pull a heavy piano?"

"Used a whip." —Spectator

Judge: "Rastus, do you realize
that by leaving your wife you are
a deserter?"

Rastus: "Judge, if you know'd
that woman like I does, you wouldn't
call me a deserter. I's a refugee."

—Covered Wagon

Girls are like newspapers:

They have forms, they always
have the last word, back numbers
not in demand, they are well worth
looking over, they have a good deal
of influence, they get along by ad-
vertising, you can't believe all they
say, there's small demand for the bold
faced type, and every man should
have one of his own and not borrow
his neighbor's.

—Old Maid

"Why won't you marry me?" he
demanded. "There isn't anyone else,
is there?"

"Oh, Edgar," she sighed. "There
must be!"

—Old Maid

Food For Thought

by BEVERLY DEANE

Scientists claim they have discover-
ed something 4,000 times sweeter
than sugar—they received a deluge of
letters and all showing considerable
interest in the same question—
"What's her telephone number?"

The definition for a young maid—
sleeping beauty.

The definition for an old maid—
slipping beauty.

Gals marrying on the rebound
may have an "ex" to grind.

Who says figures never lie? Many
a gal with a million-dollar figure is
busted!

Mixed emotions: Man seeing his
mother-in-law backing over a cliff
in his new Cadillac. —Log

There once was a maiden of Siam
Who said to her lover, young Kiam,
"If you kiss me, of course
You will have to use force—
But God knows you're stronger than
I am." —Spectator

The newly-weds on their hon-
moon had a drawing room.
The groom gave the porter a dollar
to tell anybody on the train
they were bride and groom. When
the happy couple went to the diner
for breakfast the following morning
the passengers pointed and eyed
the couple knowingly. The groom
demanded the porter and demanded:

"Did you tell anybody on
the train we were just married?"

"No suh," said the porter. "I
told them you all was just good friends."

—Old Maid

The greatest psychiatrist was
examining the precocious youth. "What
would happen if I cut off your
right ear?" he suddenly asked.

"I couldn't hear," the boy replied
quickly.

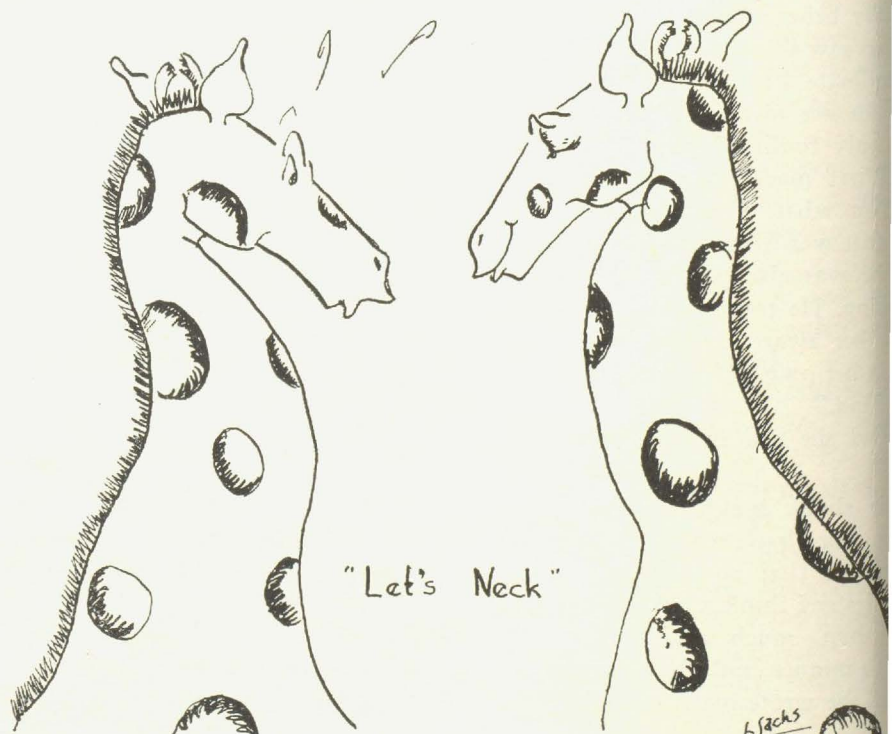
"Then what would happen
if I cut off your right ear?"

"I couldn't see," came back
the answer.

The great psychiatrist stared,
then turned to the mother. "This is a
peculiar case." He swung back at the
youth. "Why do you say you couldn't
hear if I cut off your right ear?"

"Cuz my hat would slide down
over my ears," snapped the kid.

—Yale Record



THE EPAU

ECOND

as raining, a drizzling, tedious
listening droplets turning into
slimy puddles, floating end-
on the gray, cold pavement
peeping into the grimy, greasy
The aged street lamp poured
s of thin yellow light on the
g, brown tenement houses, on
shadowy people that scurried
its flame like rats, on the sign
aid Amsterdam Avenue and
street, on the red and green
ght, on the flashing passing
n the thin, glutinous mud, that
ved in its light.

stairs in one of the rooms of
ded, brown stone parade, a
as lying in a bed, listening to
of the rain on the cold, glass
Some of the lemon light fil-
into the dark, dirty bedroom
strange black and white shad-
ver the rotting walls. A soft,
nic, breathing came from her
motionless black body that
the thin, ragged, blue blanket
self. One long, soot-like arm
iled around her mass of well-
d inky hair. Ivy wanted to
leep but she just couldn't.
ne, something was holding her
own eyes open, someone seem-
be pulling on the long, re-
ly curled brown lashes. She
od but she didn't quite know
there was nothing, absolutely
g to feel exalted about. But
he felt good. Through the
opened door she could en-
the sleeping forms of her two
r sisters, curled up like brown
their ragged bed, snoring con-
v, oblivious to their surround-
vy smiled, a wan, exhausted
that parted her thick lips be-
he knew that twelve-year old
must be dreaming of twelve-
l Mike, and fat, little Rose was
se absorbing a ceaseless moun-
creamy strawberry ice cream
her cherubic delight and-and-
en-year old Buddy probably
ons of his idol, Jackie Robin-
o—it must be Lena Horne.

RAIN

by SUE ROSEN

Ever since he had seen her picture
at the Bijou on Tuesday night, he
had been madly in love with her. The
baby started to cry, writhing his
tiny, black body in a million forms.
So she listened to her mother's weary
step as she cradled him in her arms,
and soothingly rocked and walked
him around the creaky floors. She
listened to her mother's hoarse, whis-
pering voice as she sang an old fam-
iliar lullaby. The piteous wails ir-
ritated Ivy but she did not move.
The crying stopped and she started
to doze under the effect of her
mother's, nostalgic singing. And then
it was that tedious quiet again, the
rain and the snoring, the snoring and
the rain. The heavy, staggering foot-
steps of a man on the warped wooden
stairs startled Ivy into reality again.
The pounding of the footsteps in-
creased in tempo as they came nearer
and nearer to the fifth floor; Ivy
felt her heart beat faster and faster,
and that old, sickening tremulous
chill shook her thin brown body.
She grabbed a reefer from the drawer
of the unpolished wooden table by
her bed and lit it nervously. The
door to the flat creaked open, and

PLACE

she heard her father's fuddled mo-
tions as he made his dizzy way in the
darkness. He stumbled over a chair
and hissed all the profanity that
he knew. She listened to her parents
bicker—and then her mother's soft
almost inaudible crying. Ivy let the
large, glassy tears stream down her
own smooth cheeks and wax on the
coarse, blue blanket. The cool relax-
ing smoke eased out through her nos-
trils, and she suddenly realized that
her teeth and jaws were so clenched
that it hurt. Her father struggled to
the bathroom, gagging noisily. His
vomiting nauseated her but—she
didn't care, she mustn't care, she
couldn't care. The cigarette had its
effect and relaxed her whole body.
She lay there almost motionless as
before, and everything was quiet
again except for the rhythmic snoring
from the other rooms and the rain on
the window pane.

It was August and evening and
Ivy sat on the steps of the small
white cottage gazing at the flamboy-
ant sunset. She looked at Ernest, re-
clining on a new canvas chair read-
ing a newspaper—and Rose, sitting
on the rocker gorging her belly with
strawberry ice cream. It was all so
unbelievable and wonderful. Ernest
had come home from the war in June,
and she had married her chocolate
knight two weeks later and now they
were here. The late August breeze
wafted delicious, clean smells of hay
and corn and peace. Ivy had to smile
as she thought of that ecstatic June
day when he had walked up the
steps of the worn tenement—how
proud and erect he stood, with the
coveted medals glistening on his ex-
panded chest in the warm sunlight.
They had just sat on the steps, too
locked up in each other to talk,
munching on the succulent bigarreau's
that they had bought from a little
Italian vender. The girls of the
neighborhood sauntered by, swaying
their hips, wrapped in tight cotton
skirts and revealing the curve in their

(Continued on next page)

young breasts in their crisp peasant blouses. Ivy wasn't even annoyed because she knew that Erny was hers, all hers. He had taken her to the Tiger Club that night—she, resplendent in a sequin-studded satin gown and he in his brand new pin striped zoot suit had been the center of attraction. Smoking reefer after reefer, they had exploded their unnatural energy on the dance floor with hot, scintillating jazz. And then their wedding—a quiet, simple affair. She could still hear the faint strains of the organ as she walked down the aisle on her father's arm—her white-white chiffon dress so outstanding against her black-black skin—the brawl-like dizziness of the reception afterward and now—now—

The grayness of the early dawn made its way into the dark, dirty bedroom casting strange black and white shadows. It was still raining, the same drizzling, tedious rain beating on the grimy sidewalks but dripping little guzzlets on the street sign that said Amsterdam Avenue and 185th street.

The engineer on the Chief woke up one morning, bumped his head against the wall, knocked the alarm clock off of the bureau, and broke both shoelaces. At breakfast his toast was burnt, the coffee was cold, and his egg had shell in it. He missed the bus to the roundhouse but finally got aboard the Chief and was ten minutes out of Chicago doing 75 m.p.h. when just ahead the Super Chief came around the bend on the same track at 75 m.p.h. The engineer turned to the fireman.

"Say Joe," he said, "did you ever have one of those days when just everything seems to go wrong?"

—Yale Record

"Mama, daddy isn't like other men, is he?"

"Why do you ask that, child?"

"Well, he just got tired waiting for an elevator and went down the shaft without one."

—Yale Record

C-SHOPPE

by KATHLEEN JOHNSON

Pennants blue, yellow, green . . . scurrying girls, coffee steam . . . crowded tables, books stacked high . . . girls and sundaes passing by . . . faculty tables, tempting food . . . floral arrays attempting mood . . . the last ones go . . . empty cups left just so . . . uniforms with loaded trays closing up for the day . . . darkness falls, books stare out . . . register show the last amount . . . girls drop in for cokes to go . . . "Pat" with keys . . . the show.



LESSON THAT BOOMERANGED

PLACE

by VIRGINIA LEE

Tally's eyes did gleam more
y, it was just for a second.
umped once again in her seat
veyed the teacher through
ut eye lids. So! Miss Beverly
y had won the chance to com-
r the top prize in the writing
! There was indifference in
of her shoulders, stubbornness
set of Tally's jaw.

y felt Bojo's hazel eyes watch-
t. Wasn't it enough that she
en too late to enter the pre-
ies? Could she help it if the
lled and made her miss the
fteen deadline? Why couldn't
ust leave her alone!

then the passing bell rang
Bojo weaved her way through
owd of bustling students to
s side.

Tally, Tally—I'm so happy!
you thrilled?"

great for you, Bo, just what
always wanted. Congratula-
To herself she muttered, "Just
have always dreamed of too."
anks, Tal, but you know how
rouble I have writing essays.
would have won if you hadn't
me. It's too bad you didn't
e deadline yourself."

... O.K.," Tally wanted to
"Don't rub it in."

Will you help me again, Tally?"
asked eagerly.

was her chance to be in the
after all. Bojo wasn't a good

Tally knew that. What
the care if Bojo won the prize,
yon it with her composition?
couldn't mind; she would be
have it written for her. Now
lly's final chance.

night Tally wrote. She wrote
made up characters, plots,
odes. She crossed out phrases
agraphs; she crumpled and

discarded paper until her waste bas-
ket was full.

Then it was Friday, the day of
the assembly. Tally watched Bojo,
her hazel eyes, confident manner, and
the conceited tilt to her nose.

"I won't do it, I won't do it!"
she thought. "I'll give her the en-
velope with the blank pages. Why
should I let her compete, with all her
conceit, with my essay! I won't do
it. I'll teach her a lesson!"

Tally handed Bojo the empty en-
velope cautiously. She felt a pang in
her heart. How could she be so cruel?
But it was too late for that now;
it was Bojo's turn to speak.

Bojo rose steadily from her chair,
walked assuredly to the microphone,
tilted her nose just a bit more, and
addressed her audience:

"Mr. Principal, faculty, and fel-
low students—I wish to make an
announcement. I am deeply honored
today to be one of the four finalists
in our annual writing contest, but
my honor has been unduly received.
I wish to present to you Miss Tal-
mage Bently, the author of this com-
position. Talmage, will you read
your essay now?"

Tally, stunned, rose amidst the
applause. Did Bojo know of her ter-
rible scheme? Was Bojo doing this
to get even with her? But no, Bojo
hadn't even looked at the envelope!

She advanced to the stage, then
to the microphone; she took the en-
velope from Bojo, opened it, glanced
at the blank pages, and supposedly
read. It was good she had put her
heart into the writing of her essay.
How else could she recite it, word
for word?

At last it was over. The judges
come forth with their decision. The
hall was tense. Tally felt her heart
bounce, like a rubber ball, from the
end wall of the auditorium. Then

Mr. Mally, the head judge, addressed
the assembly:

"It is my greatest pleasure and
honor to announce that Miss Tal-
madge Bently has won the annual
writing contest for the top prize on
the list, a one-hundred dollar United
States government bond. Congratu-
lations, Miss Bently."

Again Tally rose to receive her
applause, and with it, her prize. Her
heart was filled with happiness and
her eyes glowed like fire-flies. Only
one thing could make her heart over-
flow the brim. Thus she addressed
her benefactors:

"The thrill of receiving this prize
—" she swallowed hard, "has left
me the happiest girl in Dighton High.
Only one thing—" her eyes misted
so that she could hardly distinguish
Bojo's bewildered face in the front
row, "one thing could make me even
happier. I am going to present this
award to a fellow classmate—a friend
who has taught me the true values
of honesty and pride—Beverly Mc-
Gray!"

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(Continued from Page 4)

she has seen "the glory that
Greece," "the grandeur that
Rome," and "the freshness and
beauty that is her own U.
States." Also while she was in
land, she was elected a fellow of
Royal Neimismatic Society. Still
other traveling experience was
lightful bicycle trip through
England.

Most of us know Dr. Voelker
her blue Buick called "Cleo,"
some may have visited at her
pretty cottage on Malborough
called "Quid Nook."

In her spare time she likes to
collect Roman coins and she has a
perfect right to be proud of the
deal of Girl Scout work she has
done.

This is just a sampling of what
we have to be proud of at MWC.
at your professors. All of them
probably give you a list of
about their accomplishments
which would amaze and startle an un-
freshman or a worldly wise S.

Two kittens were watching
his match.

First: "Aw, let's go."

Second: "No, wait a minute
old man's in this racquet."

A sensible girl is more sense-
ful than she looks because a sensible
girl has more sense than to look senseless.
—Old L.

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PARODY

by CATHERINE JONES

Many times I have read and enjoyed Robert Herrick's poem "To the Virgins To Make the Most of Time." The last time I read it, I couldn't resist trying my hand at a parody. I, in no way, mean to criticize, or take away from Robert Herrick's poetry, for it is very obvious which is the better poet.

"Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,"
For time is always flying;
'Tis true that *that* "flower that smiles today,
Tomorrow will be dying."

'Tis also true that the rose-bud plucked,
Will fade and wilt very soon;
And when our buds have been cut,
Our garden has no blooms.

"The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting;
The sooner will his race be run
And nearer he's to setting."

Although the cover of dusk, the night,
Closes the golden eye;
Its veil is lifted by the sun's early light,
Which again brightens the sky.

"That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent the worst, and worst
Times, still succeed the former."

Then, the beauty of youth is youth,
When life is fresh and new;
Our old age is the ripened fruit
Of how that seed grew.

"Then be not coy, but use your time;
And while you may, go marry:
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry."

But be careful to allow for youth,
For it's very young and tender:
Life is more than the span of a day,
On the morrow it will continue.

Poets Nook

Games

by KATHLEEN JOHNSON

althily creeping—eyes well-trained.
ht movements—crouched stance—
all arms, muscled, tanned;
athing softly lest betrayed.
ound the corner—quick return!
nt unseen?—Or is it lost,
he seen me?—Ears alive
us, my child, you shall learn.

s ageless game of hide and seek,
ld's play and man's fight.
n's disgust but child's delight,
ame, my child, life will teach.
en it now to play,
en it later to fight.
it to conquer might;
whatever, learn it well,
I pray.

I

My desire rides in a stranger.
It comes without warning.
It feasts on my hunger
And burns up the energy of my sleep
Making lovely designs with its smoke
In my dark dream.

I saw you first in brilliance
When sun had seemed to melt
The distance from where we greeted one another . . .
But it was I who squinted blinded eyes.

II

Casual words tossed out in passing by
Were, from me, the stifled sounds of love
That must be silent in their infancy.
Anticipation yields a yearning yet unsatisfied . . .
But in itself becomes the fruit that
Thorns envelop for a time . . .
Until maturity can leave
A heavy laden limb.
Growing pains arouse my ache of anguish
That only is absolved when
Slumber hastens daytime dreams
Of loving you.

III

Birth is the evening hours
Of shadowed fantasy that
Smoulders imagination engraved
From plates of fire seen in the sunset
Brings forth a heated drowsiness
That lowers my eyelids and
Sends me reeling into that realm
Where you become all that is me
And I am lost in you.
My love becomes a silhouette taking
Shape against a moon of madness.

NORTHERN LIGHTS

Northern Lights, written by Kathleen Johnson, was published in
the Annual Anthology of College poetry.

by KATHLEEN JOHNSON

Flashes streak—purple-white
Crazy rhythms—cadence light
World of chaos—God's delight?
Whose might is right?

Green now yellow dancing by—
Rising—falling—like the tide—
Bright! now dim—grey within.
God of heaven stares at sin.

Darkness spins a spider's maze
Lights are lost in gracious haze.
The world retires on pins of hope—
Northern lights through darkness grope.

A CHESS SET

by SUZANNE ROSEN, '53

A shattered chess set,
A scented May day,
scattered and neglected
and unseen they lay;
The Men;—
caked with blood and tears
looked like warriors of other years.
A tiny pawn gasping on dewy grass,
'til a flabby pink foot
crushed
his life to pass.
The vibrant pink call felt that prick of de
but
only God and Time could not forget.
Petite as one pawn may appear,
with seven others,
even I cannot sneer.
O, Pawns, if you
had only stuck together
You might still be romping with one anot
over the glossy red and black squares,
paying your dues and
battling your snares.
But all that is left
is your ivory crumb and the memory
of what you once might have done.

A shattered chess set,
A scented May day,
O, Why does Man act this way?
and Why must I walk in the dark of night
never seeing
the beauty of life's light?
Perhaps someday I shall awake
from this sleep of lies,
but then, I know,
it will be—
too late
to realize.

ALUMNAE BACK

for

The Senior Benefit

by CATHERINE JONES

the weekend of January 12th was in view of Alumnae Weekend. It began in Ball parlor—the music started and the first three notes caught every one in the vicinity coming to listen to “Conky” (Aud-Conkling) play and sing. Helen Lomas was here with uke in hand. Singing in at different times were—

Mary Dean, Louise Larson, Elizabeth Fitzgerald, Bobbie Kelley, Brooke Woods, Lorrie Frantz, Tiny Alfriend (taking Foreign Affairs at Georgetown University), Betty Jo Shufflebarger, Elizabeth MacLeod, Ann McClerkin (doing radio work in Washington), Joan Weissblatt, Mary Lee Oliver, Dot Overton and others. It

was wonderful to have the girls back and we're looking forward to Alumnae Weekend!

News about other “Alumnae”

Mary Sue Ekeland—at Katherine Gibbs . . . Cynthia Medley—working for the Washington Post . . . Pat Wise and Charlie Ritter—married . . . Chi Chi Thompson—was in South Carolina doing “Y” work and radio work . . . Bunny Meagers boy friend, Bob, is back from Korea and he will be stationed at Fort Belvoir . . . Lucy Ring—working in New York sharing an apartment with three Tri Delts . . . Eddie Thompson, a former vet, has a dancing part in “Call Me Madam.”

A couple of flyers stationed in Africa were bragging about their prowess as lion hunters. They decided to have a contest and each bought a pint of whiskey, the one who shot the first lion was to get both bottles.

The first took his rifle and set out in search of a lion. The other borrowed a fighter plane and took off. He soon spotted a lion, took careful aim and killed it with his machine gun. He then went back and drank both proving that a strafed lion is the shortest distance between two pints.

—Yale Record

Fountain girl: “Doctah, ah cum to see y'all about ma Grandmaw. We gotta do somethin' 'bout her smokin.”

Doctor: “Oh now Elviry, don't you worry about that. Lots of women smoke.”

Elviry: “Yeah, I know, but Grandmaw inhales.”

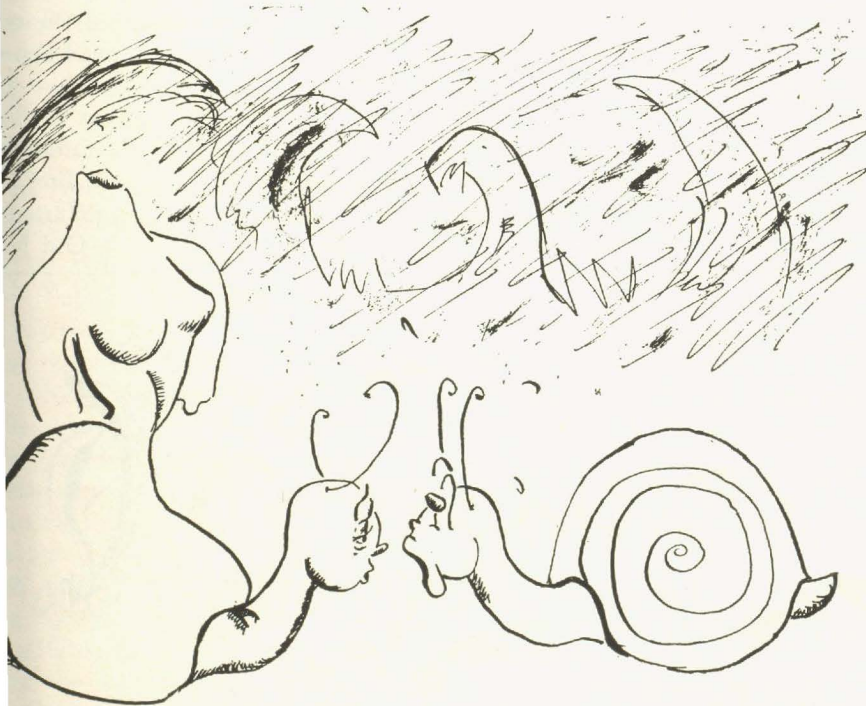
Doctor: “I still wouldn't fret. Lots of women inhale.”

Elviry: “Yeah, I know, but Grandmaw don't exhale.”

—Spectator

A teacher annoyed with his clock-watching students covered the clock with a sheet of cardboard on which he lettered: “Time will pass, Will you?”

—Yale Record



I Made It Myself

Leah Sachs

Interclub Council

by JUNE KUCHER

Interclub Council is the unifying force behind all the clubs which are active on the campus of MWC. Members are the presidents of the various clubs.

One of the most important activities of Interclub this year was the sponsorship of Freshman Orientation. These programs took place every Thursday until Christmas and were under the direction of Pat Huston, Interclub President, and Mrs. Russell, Club sponsor. The programs were designed to acquaint the Freshmen and transfer students with the activities, traditions, and opportunities at MWC. One of the programs was a dramatization of Alumnae returning to the college and telling the audience of their successes in the fields in which they had majored. It was put on by the Junior-Senior councilors who are giving a helping hand to the Freshmen throughout the whole year. Also, in connection with orientation, Interclub sponsored a club exhibit in Monroe Gym in which the clubs on campus displayed their various activities and functions.

This year, Interclub took over the assignment of the informal dances, and sponsored the first one in October which was based and decorated on an Autumn theme.

Perhaps the students have noticed the smart-looking and tidy bulletin boards in front of the "C" Shoppe. The Club has appointed committees to take charge of the different bulletin boards and to see that old notices are sorted out, and new ones displayed prominently.

Future activities of Interclub Council include a high school week-end over March 28-29. During this time, high school seniors, who are prospective students of MWC will visit the campus and stay in the dorms over night. They will be given a sample of college life here including club activities, and a talent show from the various class benefits.

Homecomings for Alumnae will be held the week-end of April 5th and 6th, during which time Interclub will help welcome back past graduates of MWC. A full week-end of activities is planned including a big club exhibition and another talent show in which the Alumnae will participate.

All in all, it has been and will continue to be an outstanding year for Interclub Council.

The fog
Comes
On little cat feet
As you sit for a test
And sits
On silent haunches
Hovering over every desk
And then moves on—
Only sometimes it doesn't.
—Spectator

Cop: "Don't you know what it means when I hold up my hand?"

Lady Motorist: "I should, I've taught school for twenty years."
—Yale Record

She: "If I were as drunk as you I would shoot myself."

He: "If you were as drunk as me you'd miss."
—Old Maid

Two little girls were leaving day school. One turned to the other and asked, "How far did you go today?"

"I'm studying the original of the second replied."

"Humph," said the first, "past redemption."
—L

"Oh, my poor man," exclaimed the kind old lady. "It must be dreadful to be lame. But it would be much worse if you were blind."

"You're absolutely right, lady," said the beggar. "When I was blind, people kept giving me foreign coins."
—L

The human brain is wonderful. It starts right in working the moment you wake up in the morning and doesn't stop until you are called on in class.
—L

At school for the first time, a small boy suddenly started to cry bitterly.

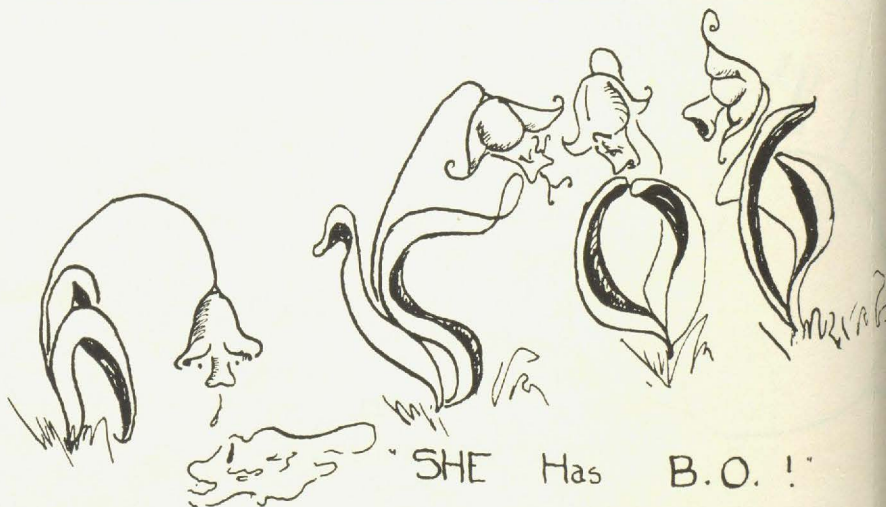
"What's the matter, Willie?" asked the professor.

"I don't like school," sobbed Willie, "and I've got to stay here until I'm fourteen."

"Don't cry," snapped the teacher. "I've got to stay here until I'm fifteen."
—L

What did the little rabbit say when he ran out of the forest fire?

"Hooray! I've been defurred!"
—Old Maid



Tahitian Waters

by ARTHUR VOGELBACK

the French island of Tahiti is a strict law against the practice of catching fish by dynamiting, but the natives, whenever they can use explosives, still employ this method. It is simple and effective, enabling them to accomplish a hard piece of work without doing anything; but it is a wasteful and rather dangerous procedure never troubles the natives. It was in connection with this forbidden practice that, some time ago when I was living in Tahiti, I had a memorable experience. I had been paid for a few francs daily a small job in the district of Papara. My neighbors were all natives, and after a week had gone by I had become very friendly with them, in particular with a youth named Apo. He told me one day that he was going fishing, and produced several sticks of dynamite. I did not understand at the time what he proposed to do with the dynamite, but when I asked him he only smiled. My curiosity was aroused, and I readily accepted his invitation to accompany

him. We set forth in an outrigger canoe and headed across the lagoon toward the distant reef that encircles the island of Tahiti like a jeweled ring. It was fascinating to peer down into the clear water and watch the brilliantly-colored fish as they passed over the submerged coral ledges. At last we reached a part of the reef where the water was only knee-deep. I held the canoe stationary in the lagoon and jumped out on to the coral ledge. Apo handed me a stick of dynamite and asked me to light it. We were walking along the coral bed, dragging the outrigger behind us. I moved gingerly, fearful of slipping over the sharp-edged coral holes that were strewn all around us, or of stepping on the spikes of a sea-urchin. Not

the least of my worries was the thought of sharks, for these big man-eaters are very plentiful in the warm Tahitian waters. We had reached that part of the reef where it broke into deep water when Apo gave an exclamation and pointed ahead. I saw far below in the transparent water a great shoal of fish moving steadily along. Apo took the cigarette from my mouth. Quickly he applied it to the fuse of the dynamite. I understood, then, what he meant to do; he was going to catch his fish by blowing them up. Having ignited the fuse and held the stick to the last possible moment, he tossed the dynamite in the direction of the fish. As he did so, he stumbled against me. I lost my balance and toppled over backwards into the deep water. Before I knew what had happened, I felt the shock of a dull impact. There was a furious rush of water about me, and I fought my way, gasping, to the surface. I was more astonished than frightened. The dynamite had gone off and I was none the worse for it! I shook the water from my eyes, and looked around me. A number of dead or stunned fish were floating about. Obviously, from the point of view of Apo, the fishing trip had been a huge success. At the same time I saw, with surprise, that I had drifted with the current a not inconsiderable distance from the reef. Apo stood there, beckoning to me and shouting. He seemed greatly excited and I could not understand why for the danger was all over now. I saw that he was preparing to paddle out to me in the canoe and I started swimming to meet him. All at once I caught sight, a little distance behind me, of something that filled me with indescribable horror—a tell-tale fin, and then the flash of a white belly. A shark! I knew now

what Apo was trying to tell me. Frantically I struck out for the canoe. I seemed already to feel the shark's great jaws closing upon my leg. And then, mercifully, the outrigger was at my side, and Apo was hauling me in. My first action when I was safe was to turn and look for the shark. It had not moved from where I had first seen it. It floated inertly in the water, a big, ominous hulk, rising and falling with the swell. Then I understood. The shark was dead. It had been killed by the dynamite blast.

Thermometers aren't the only things that are graduated with degrees without having brains.

—Log

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TIPS FOR SUCCESSFUL

HOW TO GET THE "MOSTES"

Volume XVII—Visiting In The Sticks

Ladies, do you want to be a successful guest? Let's make one point clear. I don't mean successful in that get away with all the family valuables and big brother to boot. No, a successful guest is one that gets an invitation to return soon—so be sure to take any assets you possess, such as a copy of Aristotle's complete works or the Spectator (depending on whom you're visiting). These are guaranteed invitation-getters. (Invitation to or for what is questionable).

Now that you know the general rules, let's get down to brass tacks and specific examples. In this article I should like to treat the subject of "Visiting In The Sticks." I will take as an example, a little-known spot called Stoversburg. Of course, supposing that you would get an invitation there is just taking a pessimistic view of life, but one must be prepared for the worst, you know.

It is necessary to point out that this being such a, shall we say, unique place, naturally the rules must be a little bizarre.

Without further ado—here they are for what they're worth. (2c?) (1c?) O.K., for nothing then.

1. For your own good, don't stay any longer than politeness demands. However, once you get in, it is rather hard to get out. Taking a llama over the mountains is about the only solution.
2. But getting away is not the question at the moment. The next suggestion is be careful to whom you speak—those mountaineers are very touchy and resent any familiarity. On the other hand *looking* is allowed and widely practiced. They put more emphasis on that, than they do on talking, so that means wear plenty of clothes—some of the oldsters have had lots of practice at close scrutiny.
3. If you go into town, definitely ignore anything that doesn't look just right—it probably isn't.
4. Even if something or someone seems unbearably funny, don't laugh unless the joke's on you. It's down right dangerous.
5. If you are walking to some public gathering with your hostess and she yanks you into a dark alley, don't be offended. Take this discreetly and with tact. She undoubtedly has a good reason. Probably she suddenly forgot the name of the person you were just about to meet on the street. Maybe she's forgotten your name too. Introductions are particularly painful under these conditions. This situation may occur anywhere, so be prepared. If a new personality is appearing and she looks frantic, be smart—disappear. That is, unless it's a very right looking guy about 22—then stand your ground and if she still seems reluctant, embarrass her—introduce yourself; it's permissible, if slightly under-handed.

VISITING OR

by VIRGINIA BAILES

T OF YOUR HOSTESS

Now to get down to the subject of what and what not to do in and around the private residence where you are staying.

6. At meal time, it is not necessary to scrape the plates or rush the serving dishes around the table so the waitress can get seconds. The main reason is that there won't be a waitress. Also, it is wise not to make unfavorable comments on the food while at the table; remember, the dietician-cook is probably sitting at your elbow.
7. Rule number 5 also holds good around the house in case guests arrive. They've probably come for the express purpose of looking you over anyhow. So stand around and clear your throat until she introduces you.
8. Ignore any strange noises at night. It is far better to be a guest in good condition than to go to your funeral knowing how to make genuine Stoversburg moonshine. Another tip—take your smelling salts, cologne etc., so the fumes won't keep you from sleeping; otherwise, you may get up the next morning wondering how you got that Anvil Chorus in your head.
9. Household pets are the next pitfall. You must remember that people are very fond of the little mongrels etc., and so resist that urge to kick Pluto over the roof when he snags your nylons. It is quieter and in much better taste to take a portion of ground glass along in case they get unbearable. It is definitely not cricket to feed said substance to your hostess and carry off the dog, however.
10. For the last and final rule: It is absolutely unnecessary to tell all you know. Allow me to illustrate. If you are visiting your roommate, do not tell her mother all her vices. If she scrubs her loafers with your toothbrush, keep it to yourself!

Enough is enough; till I see you again, here's to being a hazardous house guest!

Notice: This information is distributed

by the Dept. of Roommates Welfare.

Enrich Your Vocabulary

by SUZANNE RO

You know most people are not really happy unless they have something to complain about. College Professors are no exception to the rule. They scream that their English Department has not taught the students grammar, spelling and vocabulary. The English Professors blame it all on the progressive methods of the High School. And WE are the victims! To read or to hear a new word does not mean that we know it. Your vocabulary is rich in the measure where you understand the meaning of the words that you use. Below are fifteen words commonly found on the college level. Choose one of the four definitions given that you believe to be the best. No peeking and the best of luck! (Answers on page 28).

- | | | |
|------------------------|---|--|
| 1. efficacy—n. | a. an image
b. falsehood | c. desire
d. capacity for serving to produce effects |
| 2. Jocose—adj. | a. humorous
b. miserly | c. loose
d. weak |
| 3. impeccable—adj. | a. hindering
b. sinning | c. irreproachable
d. without money |
| 4. recumbent—adj. | a. returning periodically
b. idle | c. curving
d. refusing to submit |
| 5. spurious—adj. | a. authentic
b. vigorous | c. gushing
d. false |
| 6. spacious—adj. | a. superficially pleasing
b. exacting | c. vast
d. genuine |
| 7. niggardly—adj. | a. stingy
b. trifling | c. col., applied to those of dark-skinned race
d. dirty |
| 8. tyro—n. | a. prisoner
b. novice | c. dictator
d. purple coat |
| 9. assiduous—adj. | a. constant
b. teasing | c. talkative
d. absorbing |
| 10. erudite—adj. | a. honest
b. undeveloped | c. learned
d. wandering |
| 11. heterogeneous—adj. | a. having foreign origin
b. pertaining to heredity | c. homogenous
d. incongruous |
| 12. equivocal—adj. | a. equal in measure
b. speaking constantly | c. ambiguous
d. honest |
| 13. garrulous—adj. | a. enormous
b. excessively ornate | c. crude
d. wordy |
| 14. petulance—n. | a. irritation
b. begging | c. eagerness
d. trifling |
| 15. ingenuous—adj. | a. showing cleverness
b. confusing | c. naive
d. particular |

Parody on Progress

by the EPAULET STAFF

The Epaulet Staff isn't content reaching you just through its zine alone. On February 16, on the stage, you'll see and hear literary efforts live. That night *Parody on Progress* will be presented for your entertainment.

Written, produced and directed by members of the Epaulet staff, *Parody*

on Progress is just what the name implies. How many times have you seen an imitation of Charlie Chaplin or heard a member of the Lost Generation, or of the Jazz Age, or of the "20's" describe his antics? Well, we've seen and heard as many and as much, if not more, too. Thinking about the Great Charlie's comical

dilemmas gave us the idea. Our thought in *Parody on Progress* was to pick out the ridiculous points about what "Ma" called entertainment and contrast them to the equally ridiculous points about what we call entertainment. Presentation has been delayed until February simply because we've done more laughing than organizing since we began in September. We're hoping that you'll enjoy seeing our *Parody on Progress* as much as we have enjoyed writing it.

Don't forget: Saturday, February 16, in Monroe Auditorium at 8:00. Tickets will be sold Wednesday through Friday outside the College Shoppe and Saturday night in Monroe for 50c and 35c each.

Then there was the cow that drank purple ink and moo'd indigo.
—Log

"The birds do it;
The bees do it;
The little bats do it.
Mamma, why can't I take flying lessons?"
—Spectator

Papa Gnu came home and Mama Gnu looked at him shyly and said:
"I've got Gnus for you." —Log

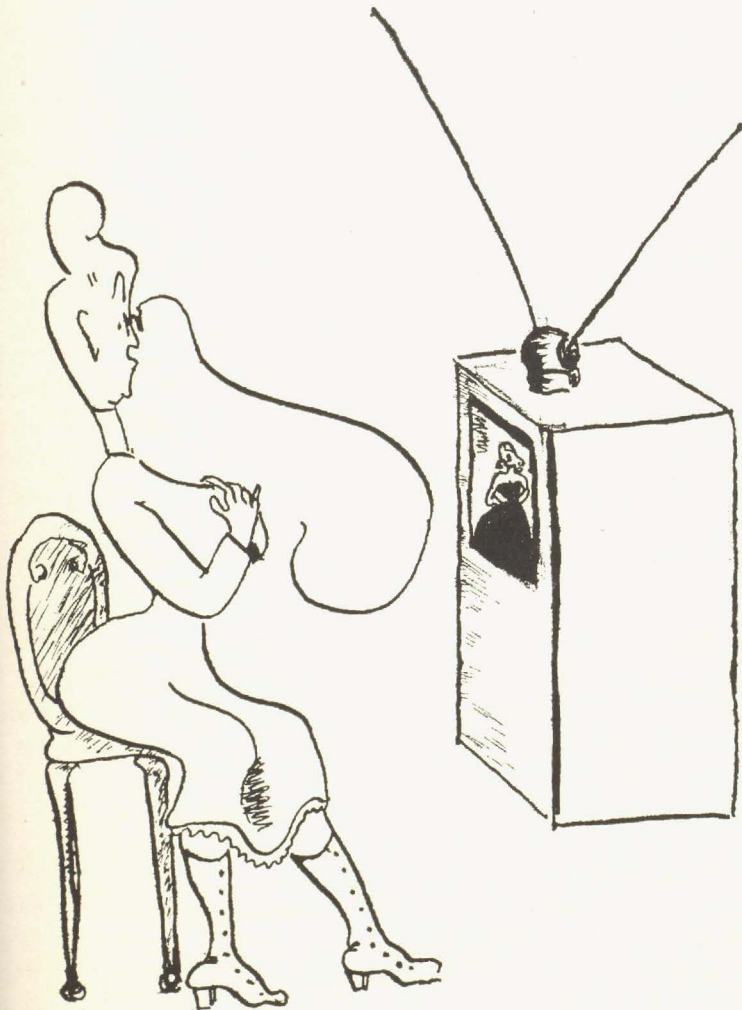
Before marriage a man yearns for a woman—after marriage the "y" is silent.
—Log

What's the idea of the crowd at the church?

An ice man's confessing his sins.
—Yale Record

Missionary: "Do you know anything about religion, chief?"

Cannibal: "Well, we got a little taste of it when the last missionary was here."
—Yale Record



BOOK REPORT

by JULIE GRIFFIN

"House Divided"

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

After spending about seventeen years of hard, concentrated work, Ben Ames Williams presented to the public his elaborate and very interesting novel, *House Divided*. This book is concerned with several generations of an old Virginia family with the War Between the States intervening. Before writing his novel Mr. Williams personally covered much of the territory discussed in the book. He read none of the standard conventional Southern stories, but instead he delved into libraries, both public and private, and from documents, diaries, and other historical writings along with many interviews and much personal data, he shed a new and different light on many events that had long been verified by the public.

The book is very readable and is rather informal in describing certain situations which are at times a little too frequently repeated. In my opinion the author's method of characterization is superb. Both the desirable and disgusting traits in man are so clearly presented that instead of appearing as the usual idealistic heroes and heroines the characters are likeable, revolting or just passive. In them we recognize types of people with whom we associate today.

The battle scenes are recounted in a vivid and fast moving manner. I'm sure that the students of Mary Washington will be interested to know that the Battle of Fredericksburg is an outstanding event in this book.

Our presidents home, Brompton, on Marye's Heights, is also mentioned.

The character and personality of General Longstreet of the Confederate forces is praised almost too highly. The impression that I received was that General Longstreet was the genius of the Confederacy upon whom most of the commendation should fall, but somehow much of the credit was given to some of the more underserving officers who were either sentimental hot-bloods or old maidish conservatives. Perhaps Mr. Williams does not deserve this criticism due to the fact that General Longstreet was his great uncle, and he was probably a little prejudiced, for who could deny the fact that army men still study the battle techniques of General Lee or that such men as Jackson, Ashley, Stuart, and Beauregard were some of the bravest and most intelligent men of history?

Another interesting point brought out is the fact that Abe Lincoln had as one of his ancestors a young man of the old Southern gentry. Whether this incident has been proved true remains unknown to me, but it again brings out William's unique technique of adding new aspects to tried and true stories.

The combination of romance and history, fact and fiction, humor and pathos makes *House Divided* one of the most fascinating and instructive novels I have ever read. It is in our own library—why not check it out?

DAY IN THE LIFE OF A P. E. MAJOR

by SHIRLEY KING

ring!
u leaped out of bed, rushed
y across the darkened room,
wed into the closet for her coat,
and a couple of towels, and
halfway out of the door dazedly
olling "fire drill" before I final-
ught her. Hustling her back
, I turned off the alarm, and
to explain that the dorm wasn't
ng down—that I had just set
lock for 5:15 to get up and
for my anatomy test. I finally
er back in bed, still muttering
y about "the things one has to
p with, rooming with a P.E.
!"

eyes kept trying to close the
time I was studying, but I
ged to cover three chapters by
o'clock. Lou adamantly refused
ge from under the blankets, so
as still in bed when I rushed
to breakfast—without it, I
dare face that 8:30 stunts and
ing class.

9:30, every muscle ached pain-
but I managed to drag myself
to the P.O. and back to Monroe
n tumbling and secondary edu-
By the time I reached Com-
y Rec at 11:30, having propped
es open during a lecture on
ds in Secondary School Cur-
' dashed back to the dorm to
sure Lou was up for her only
f the morning, and squeaked
h my anatomy test (chewing
ils off to the elbows in a futile
t to distinguish between the
ons of the sartorius and graci-
sles), I resembled a "com-
wreck." But then Monday
e of the toughest days on my
e. Even the half hour just be-
ch was taken up by a basket-
ommittee meeting, and, after
the Fencing Club's Battlefield
had to be taken.

Fortunately, I had a break in my
afternoon schedule—ten minutes in
the middle of my two-to-four bio-
logy lab—or I never would have
made it through modern dance and
subbing in the dining hall for Judy.
I encountered my roommate for the
third time that day when I went
back to the dorm for my bathing
cap after dinner.

"Where are you going with *that*?"
she asked in surprise. "I thought
there was an R.A. meeting tonight."

"Nope. That's tomorrow night,
along with a special Terrapin prac-
tice. Tonight's swimming officiati-
ng. 'Bye'—and I was off again.

When I finally got back to the
dorm for the night, in a rather damp
and bedraggled condition, it was to
find the room crowded with coffee
cups, ukes, coke bottles, ash trays,
half of the residents of third floor,
and Lou's freshman little sister.
Wearily changing my clothes for the
eighth time that day (by actual
count), I was treated to quaint little
remarks, such as, "Raining outside
now, huh?" and "Whatcha do, fall
in a ditch or something?" Master-
fully, I ignored them all, and spraw-
led across a somehow empty bed.

"Rough day?" Lou queried sym-
pathetically. "Well, you can always
rest up tomorrow."

"Oh sure. After my 8:30 math
class (third floor of G.W., of course),
I only have soccer down on the ath-
letic field and class piano back in
Custis. That leaves me a whole hour
free in the morning before Chapel.
The afternoon is fairly well filled,
though—biology (a quiz in it, at
that), then a Devil-Goat hockey
game, and Cavalry drill before din-
ner. Don't know *when* I'll find time
to practice that piano lesson."

Lou's 'little sister' piped up then
with "Joan, you promised to help

me with my tennis serve this week.
Couldn't you do it tomorrow?"

There goes my one free hour, I
thought bitterly to myself, but I said,
"Sure thing. I'll meet you down on
the tennis courts at 11:30 tomorrow
morning, if you don't have a class."

Just then, Marge burst in from
the library, arms crammed with
books for her term paper, and over-
heard my last remark. Indignantly
she exclaimed, "People who have
nothing better to do than play ten-
nis all the time. Phys. ed must cer-
tainly be a 'crip' course!"

You just can't win!

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WHY YOU GO TO COLLEGE

by BARBARA GATEWOOD

Ah, that first day of college when you step over the thresh-hold into a new world. You are sweet, young, and innocent, BUT, not for long!

Your first course is in bridge, which you have never played before. You find it quite exciting and by now you really go for this college life. Then . . . after a few hands of bridge, someone offers you a cigarette; one of those long ones. You hesitate and feel your throat tighten up, you get panicky, you've never smoked before and you don't want anyone of these girls to think you're not one of the gang. You reach out a trembling hand and grasp the cigarette between two fingers. Next thing you know someone is holding a lighted torch up to your face. After blowing out the flame three or four times you finally get it lighted . . . so what if you singed your eyebrows, they'll grow back. You turn a shade of pale green and excuse yourself from the room, but it doesn't take you long to learn the evil habit, and soon you're up with the crowd . . . a pack a day.

You've also got a tough schedule, but what's a few cuts here and there. You learn that technique after awhile too. Even though you're flunking sociology and Spanish, you will take

that extra cut, because you and the kids are going down town to buy new records, so that instead of reading the book that you have to report on tomorrow, you can turn on the vic and listen to the newest songs or practice that charleston to the Fire House Five plus Two.

On your way to the library to do that research paper, you stop by the "C" shoppe just to get a coke . . . and then . . . before you know it, the library has closed. Oh well, tomorrow is another day, and anyway your roommate is going to trim your hair tonight. She starts in for the kill, scissors in one hand and comb in the other . . . a few kibitzers around and . . . well it really doesn't matter, that shingle will grow out in twelve months or so.

Then mid-semester vacation comes and you join the mad rush home. At the dinner table your parents ask, "How are your studies dear?" . . . "Oh I'd rather not discuss those . . . but . . . let me *tell* you about the FABULOUS bridge hand I had the

New England epitaph reads:

"Here lies an atheist. All dressed up and no place to go." —Log

Fire Drills

What *would* we do without fire drills? Well, it's one of those things we have to face standing up.

Through blood-shot eyes you see that the clock says two minutes before twelve, so you gather enough strength to give that book a turn off the light and "die!"

At the ungodly hour of three in the morning, you are suddenly awakened by a shrill noise, which leaves your nerves rattled, if you have any left. You are positive that the Russians have dropped an atom bomb on M.W.C. You finally pull yourself together, wake up any sleeping beauties who are oblivious to the noise, and dash to get your equipment.

Windows up, shades down—is it the other way around? You grasp two pairs of shoes and a towel, stagger outside just in time to hear someone say—"that was terrible—expect another one soon—you clear the building in two minutes." You turn and start back into the dorm, drop your things on a chair, fall into bed only to wake up an hour later from your dreams of whistles and bells and the cry—drilllllll.

THE EPAUL

COLLEGE?

by the EPAULET STAFF

Rate Yourself or Guess The Mess

After reading over the articles "Why You Go to College," and "Fire Drill," perhaps you would like to rate yourself. We have designed a special college student's test.

Purpose of going to College

- a) to learn how to smoke
- b) to dodge the draft board
- c) to delay marriage
- d) to over-cut gym class

Purpose of having Fire Drills

- a) to model night shirts
- b) to see how many people use Ponds cold cream
- c) to study astronomy
- d) to get exercise and fresh air

Purpose of 8:30 classes

- a) to adjust oneself for life's problems
- b) to learn the mechanisms of an alarm clock
- c) to study for 9:30 class
- d) to sleep through

Purpose of having Meetings (of any sort at any time)

- a) to break up daily routine
- b) to see friends
- c) to have the feeling of belonging
- d) to catch up on letter writing and knitting

Purpose of Saturdays

- a) to give students the opportunity of cutting class
- b) to finance the transportation agencies
- c) to see if you can recognize old friends in strange garb
- d) to hope for better luck next time

6. Purpose of dorm rooms

- (a) to be used as a store room for excess dining hall material
- (b) to entertain dates
- (c) to exercise your interior decorating ingenuity
- (d) to inspire one to higher levels

7. Purpose of perfume

- (a) to encourage hay fever
- (b) to get "A's" from professors
- (c) to disguise the Wednesday's fragrance after Saturday's bath
- (d) to use as a wave set

8. Purpose of sneakers

- (a) to sneak in
- (b) to make one's wardrobe complete
- (c) to save all other shoes
- (d) to provide homes for aged mice

9. Purpose of evening gowns

- (a) to hang in closet until they rot
- (b) to discourage daydreams
- (c) to take extra space in closets
- (d) to use as a dust rag.

Dr. Martin Blatt

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ANSWERS TO ENRICH YOUR VOCABULARY

- | | | | | |
|------|------|------|-------|-------|
| 1. d | 4. b | 7. a | 10. c | 13. d |
| 2. a | 5. d | 8. b | 11. d | 14. a |
| 3. c | 6. a | 9. a | 12. c | 15. c |

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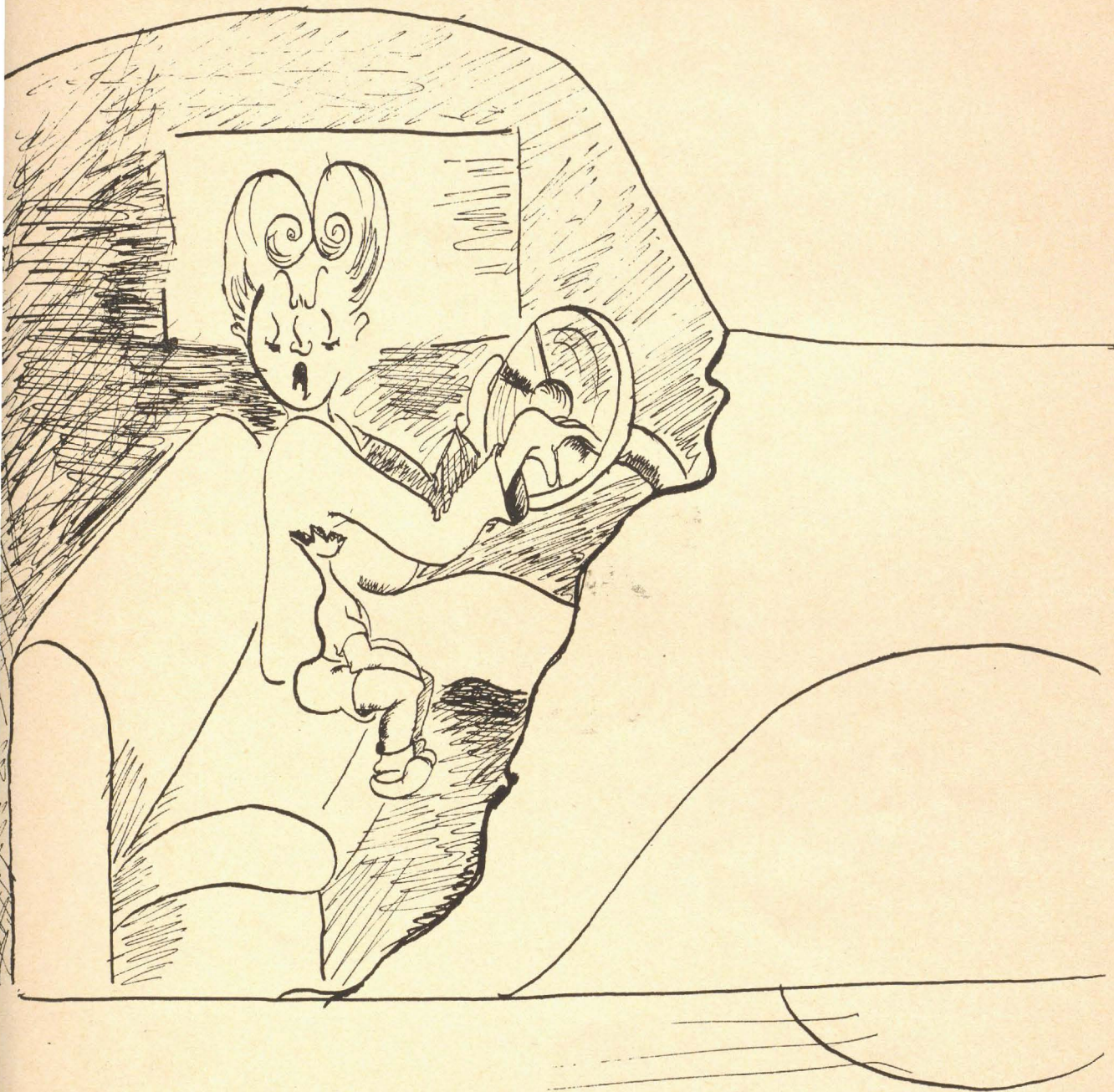
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No. 13—THE MOUNTAIN GOAT



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